

We have before mentioned that Governor Johnson had made a requisition upon the Governor of Maryland for the delivery of James S. Mitchell, of Cecil county, as a fugitive from justice, for trial in the courts of this State, on the charge of aiding to kidnap a free colored boy from this city. The fact of Mitchell's participation in that crime, was established to the satisfaction of the Grand Jury, who indicted him, with Alberti and Price, and afterwards proved beyond all doubt, at their trial. Yet in the face of this proof, Governor Lowe of Maryland refuses to give him up, and thus practically proclaims Maryland to be a refuge for kidnappers, and gives his official encouragement to a border warfare, and the incursions of bands of land-pirates upon the peaceful homes of our border counties. This is not the first time that Maryland has thus thrown the shelter of her State power over the lawless robbers, who have torn women and children from free homes in Pennsylvania, and sold them in the Southern man-mill.

Tom McCreary, a notorious kidnapper in Elkton, who, under the anti-kidnapping laws of this State, has fully earned a twelve year's residence in the penitentiary, and than whom probably no viler miscreant deserves the earth by his presence, in like manner and with legal formality was demanded of the Maryland Governor, with proof of the fact charged against him, but the requisition met a similar refusal; and still this child-thief walks abroad, unrestrained and unpunished, under the protection of Maryland law. In other similar cases, the rights and honor of our State, and the peace of its citizens, have been thus deliberately trifled with by the Maryland Government.

Yet with such facts staring them in the face, Southern deognogues have the hardihood to pride of the wrongs they suffer at our hands; and they find in our borders men base and treacherous enough to join in the false cry, and unite to tear away the legal bulwarks, which they themselves helped to rear, to guard our own citizens from the man-robbers of the South. If under these circumstances, the people of Pennsylvania can be either frightened by false alarms, or induced by selfish appeals, to consent to the repeal of the 1847 Anti-Kidnapping Law, it will justly sink us in the estimation of not only honorable men, but expose us to the contempt of the very tyrants who are claiming for this new humiliation at their feet.

If we have no care for justice, no fear of God nor regard for man, some decent self-respect or sense of honor, or pride, should make us spurn the proposal and the apostates and scoundrels who insult us by offering it. —*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

SARAH COATES.—We find the following paragraph in the last Pittsburgh Visiter.

Miss Coates is delivering a second course of lectures on Physiology to a large class of ladies in Philo Hall. She has given the most entire satisfaction in both cities. Her visit has been quite a triumph, for it is rather new amongst us for a lady to give public instruction, even to her own sex, and Miss Coates has proved herself so able and agreeable, that she has disarmed prejudice and won respect and attention.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—In our columns this morning, will be found a full report of the exciting Fugitive Slave Case, which was disposed of before Judge Irwin, yesterday. We think it will strike every mind that a man—a minister of the Gospel, as this poor fellow Gardiner's license shows him to have been—may be identified as the property of a claimant, on evidence less clear than in the case of a sheep, a hog, a horse, a cow, or any dumb brute, claimed as the property of Miss Rhoda Byers, or anybody else.

It will also be apparent that a very black man cannot have been correctly described as *right colored*—but we do not gainsay Judge Irwin decided fairly and correctly, under the *Fugitive law*—with that we quarrel, not with him. Let the people see these things as they operate in cases brought home—that the mistakes as to the color—as to the number of years the slave had been absent—are considered unimportant on the claimant's side, while the poor defendant must make all clear as a sunbeam, and straight as a plumb line, to secure acquittal of the charge of being the legal flesh and blood of a slaveholder. The old rule of construing in favor of human liberty, is thus entirely reversed!—We were pleased with the indignation manifested yesterday, but while men acquiesce in such a law—may advocate its infamous provisions—it is idle to get up a howl for the occasion, and then let the law stand unrepaled, and support those who passed and "approved" it.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch, 14th.*

THE fugitive "Shadrach" * * * * * shakes off the iron grip of the law with much greater ease and good fortune than his unlucky Scriptural namesake of the lion's den.—*Hartford Times.*

"The Times is out of joint." Shadrach's "Scriptural namesake," as every school boy knows, had nothing to do with the "lion's den," but like the modern Shadrach, escaped from the fiery furnace, with not so much as the smell of smoke on his garments.—*Bradford (Vt.) Gazette.*

AN ESCAPE.—A fugitive slave woman, in Northampton, as the *Courier* of that place tells the story, last week met her master not to face, and he told her that if she would not return to bondage willingly, he should compel her to. He did not have the opportunity to do so, for before he could make his arrangements, a *Whig* "emissary" with a "fast horse," was carrying the fugitive Northward.

FINED FOR HUMANITY.—A negro named Noah E. Hanson, charged with harboring 2 runaway slaves, last summer—the property of the Hon. Walter Colcock, was tried in the criminal court in Washington, on Saturday, and found guilty. He was fined \$1000, and to stand committed until the same was paid.

JOANNA BAILLIE, the poetess, expired on Sunday evening, 25th February, at the very advanced age of 89. She lived the greater portion of her life with a maiden sister, Agnes—also a poetess—to whom she addressed her beautiful "Birth-day" poem. She was born at Bothwell within earshot of the broad waters of the Clyde. Walter Scott was a devoted admirer of Miss Baillie, but never succeeded in drawing her into society.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Expected Visit from Mr. Giddings.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, MARCH 29, 1851.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets April 13th.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—We take occasion at this early day to inform the members of the Executive Committee of the Western A. S. Society that at their next meeting, to be held on the 13th of April, questions of vital importance will claim their attention. We hope those members who reside at a distance, as well as those in the immediate vicinity, will all be present. The hour of meeting is 10 o'clock, A. M., and punctuality is very desirable.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The next of the series of Sunday Discourses will be given to-morrow, at 3 o'clock, P. M., by SALLIE B. GOVE, whose abilities as a writer and speaker cannot fail to attract a large audience. Come, one and all!

—Since writing the above, information has been received that Mrs. EMMA R. COE, the distinguished lecturer on Woman's Rights, Duties and Education, will probably spend next Sunday in Salem. It is possible that when she arrives an arrangement may be made for her to speak in Mrs. Gove's place, and for the postponement of the latter's discourse till the succeeding Sunday.

Women's Rights Convention.

At a Convention of Women held in Salem in April last, it was resolved that we the women of Ohio will meet annually in Convention to consult upon and adopt measures for the removal of the various disabilities—political, social, religious, legal and pecuniary—to which women, as a class, are subjected, and from which result so much misery, degradation and crime.

The undersigned were appointed a Committee to issue a call and make necessary arrangements for the Convention of the present year.

As men and women have the same origin and destiny, and can therefore have no legitimate aims or interests independent of each other—as their relations and obligations are mutual—as the bonds that unite them are inevitable and indissoluble—as whatever degrades or enables one has a corresponding effect on the other—it is fitting that men should co-operate with us in our efforts at emancipation from the ignorance and thralldom of ages. We therefore cordially invite all the friends of Self-Government and Human Equality to meet in Convention at AKRON, Summit Co., on WEDNESDAY, 28th of May next, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

To all the friends of Reform, in whatever department engaged, we say—Come give us your presence and counsel. Give it for the sake of our cause. Give it because none of the kindred efforts to alleviate humanity can fully realize

their objects while one-half the laborers in Reform are disfranchised by law, perverted by education and degraded by the opinions and customs of society.

War will continue to devastate the nations—Slavery, political and personal, will crush humanity—Intemperance and Sensuality will pollute the earth, while so much of the moral power which should be arrayed against them is lost by the position Woman now occupies.

C. D. SMALLEY,
M. L. GILBERT,
E. ROBINSON,
Com. of Arrangements.

—Newspapers generally, of whatever party, are requested to publish the above Call, or at least to give their readers notice of the time and place of the Convention.

Want of Funds.

The hint we gave a short time since of the wants of the Executive Committee of the Western A. S. Society has been responded to by a few individuals; but it is necessary that we should again remind the members and friends of the Society that its expenses are rapidly outrunning its receipts, and that unless they are prompt in forwarding what they owe for The Bugle and in paying their pledges, the Committee will be driven to the alternative of suspending their operations or borrowing money to meet their liabilities. If those who are indebted for The Bugle, (to say nothing of pledges to the treasury,) would only pay up, the Committee might discharge all the debts of the Society, and still have a surplus for future operations. Is it not a wonder and a shame that persons professing to be Abolitionists should subscribe for an anti-slavery paper, take it from the Post-Office week after week, and read it or see it under their noses every day, and yet neglect to pay the small sum necessary fairly to entitle them to its benefits? We make all needful allowance for extreme cases, where sickness or poverty form a reasonable excuse for delay; but we are satisfied that the great majority of those who are in arrears for The Bugle can plead no such apology. They might pay if they would, and they would if their ideas of moral obligation were not culpably loose. We are not so much as oppressed by poverty that you *cannot* pay, we mean you—yes, YOU.

—Some of those who made pledges at the Annual meeting did so with the expectation that they would not be asked to pay till the latter part of the year. Of the delay of such we make no complaint, but only request those who can do so without too much inconvenience to themselves to forward their dues immediately.

GEORGE THOMPSON AT ROCHESTER.—Mr. Thompson had a grand and triumphant reception at Rochester, N. Y., in the face of the most desperate efforts to get up a row.—His speech, as reported in the *North Star*, is one of the very best he has made since he came to the country, and sweeps away in the most effectual manner the lies of his enemies. We shall copy it next week, and our readers may all anticipate a rich treat.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

The writer and companion turn aside from their contemplated route, and find a Providence there-in. They divide their forces, and determine to attack two points at once, finding that that mode of warfare had been successful heretofore—Joseph attacketh Believers, and is met by a continuous cannonading, which effecteth nothing.—The Bible and God and Abraham are thrown into the breach, but prove ineffectual in silencing the battery of our friend, when the last grand defense is brought to bear in the form of "stones and eyes."—He receives a baptism, and washeth stronger.—The mob triumpheth for a moment, but is totally routed on the following day.

The writer visiteth Oliver, and describes his reception, as also the place. The meetings are crowded and the liveliest interest manifested.

One mean man among a number of noble ones

thinketh highly of the Students, but less of

the master, and finally cloatheth his labors by obtaining subscribers, some money, and preaching a sermon.

It was our purpose at the close of the meetings at Battle Creek, to have gone direct to Marshall, the County seat of Calhoun Co., but being urged by some friends, we turned aside to visit Believelview and Olivet, about twelve miles North. It has been our policy to separate and hold two series of meetings at the same time, whenever it could be done to advantage, and I felt strong enough to go through meetings alone. We did so at the above places, Joseph staying at Believelview, while I went on to Oliver. I shall therefore speak of the meetings separately.

Believelview has a hard reputation, and is even

worse than its reputation, taken as a whole. If

you are acquainted with the darkest towns in

the darkest county of Ohio, you will be able to

form some estimate of the condition of things there.

Be it however understood, that even as in

Sodom there was a Lot, so in this place there

are a few good souls. The house in which

the meetings were held is quite large, and quite

large number were in attendance. Some op-

position was manifested from the beginning,

and especially when a word was spoken in re-

ference to the Constitution, Fugitive Bill, or

any of its abettors. A Mr. Giles, quite a well

behaved man on the whole, undertook a defense

of slavery from the Bible, showing, as he said,

from Genesis to Revelations that God sancti-

fied slavery, those who practised it being among

his special favorites, including of course "Abra-

ham," "Jacob," &c. He also maintained that

the Constitution was like the Bible, and that the

Laws of '93 and '50 were constitutional, and must be obeyed. On these topics he spoke

some three hours, on Friday night, to the entire

satisfaction of himself, and the amusement of

his auditory. On Saturday evening the effects

of this Bible argument were manifested in the

most appropriate manner. Our friend had

scarcely commenced when it was evident that

Bible instructions could no longer be assailed

with impunity—that the Constitutional pro-

visions of our government were too sacred to be

interfered with by the uncircumcised. The in-

struments of sacred music introduced at Adrian,

viz: "the goose quill squeakers," were put in-

to requisition, and the accompaniments of

stamping, yelling, hissing and groaning were

used with great effect by the mob inside of the

building, while the more effective forces assailed

the house from the outside. Stones and

other missiles were thrown with violence against

the house, to the small danger of those inside.

Some of the good women drew close

around Joseph and did what they could for his

protection. About this time the window be-

hind the speaker was broken by showers of

eggs, which scattered the glass in great abund-

ance. Several of the audience were all but cov-

ered with the broken eggs, a full share falling to

the lot of Joseph, who had at least a score of

patches on his person, which took him no small

time and pains to clean. Other windows were

broken by the eggs, and not less than a quarter

of a hundred took effect. Thus was the meet-

ing broken up, a few stout hearts escorting

Joseph to his lodgings. I went down on Sun-

day morning and held a meeting in the same

place, and continued in the afternoon. The au-

diences were large and attentive with few ex-

ceptions, the decent portion of community be-

ginning to sympathize with us. The Mr. Giles

who defended slavery was not present at the

row, and on Sunday expressed his regret that

such a thing could have happened. The house

gave many signs of the violence of the mob on

the previous evening, although efforts had been

made to clean, put in the windows, etc. before

meeting. Everywhere, on the ceiling, stove

pipe, table, floor, and windows were stains

when the eggs struck. At the close of the af-

ternoon meeting, we obtained six subscribers for

The Bugle, and amid the good wishes of a few

the meetings ended.

Olivet is a Colony from the Oberlin Institute,

From Parker Pillsbury.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

BOSTON, March 11th, 1851.
DEAR FRIEND: At a time when slave-holding and slave catching are the way in which the American people are working out their salvation, and when the American Congress gravely proposes to excommunicate and dismember Austria from diplomatic intercourse and national fellowship, it may be well perhaps to publish to the world the view which the latter takes of those crowning American grievances, *slave-holding and slave-catching*.

Before me is an extract from an ordinance of his Imperial Majesty of Austria, dated 25th June, 1826. Please insert it in the Bugle, if you deem it of sufficient importance.

In order to prevent Austrian subjects from participating in any way in the Slave Trade, and in order to prevent slaves from bad treatment by Imperial and Royal Majesty, in conformity with the existing laws of Austria, (viz: Section 16 of the civil code, which determines that every human being, in virtue of those rights which are recognized by reason, is to be considered a civil person, and that therefore, slavery, and every exercise of power relative to the state of slavery, are not tolerated in the Imperial and Royal Dominions; and further, in conformity with Section 78 of the first part of the Penal Code, which declares every hindrance of the exercise of personal liberty, *a crimen of public violence*)—has been graciously pleased by his Sovereign Resolution of the 25th June, 1826, to determine and order as follows:

Art. I. Any slave, from the moment he treads on the soil of the Imperial and Royal Dominions of Austria, or even merely steps on board of an Austrian vessel, SHALL BE FREE!

And Austria is to be expelled, excommunicated from the Church of the Nation. Her soul is *free*—is “Free Soil.” Her rockiest mountain peak is freer than the ground pressed by Bunker Hill monument, and baptized in the blood of Warren. Her decks are Free Soil. The meanest, mildest skiff or skow that floats on the Danube under Austrian ownership, is a sanctuary of Freedom to the flying bondman; while the deck of the proudest war ship in the American navy would be the altar on which his liberty would be sacrificed, a burnt offering for ever.

And we cast off Austria as an unclean thing!

And we talk of Free Soil! We have a Free-soil party. It is a small party, but where can it find free soil enough on which to pitch its tent?

Not surely under the stars and stripes.

And the American government has constituted itself one vast hunt—and its game is human beings. From men erect, the people are now bowed down into blood-hounds, to bark and bite when ever the Marshal gives command. From the West and South, the States have submitted, until now the Massachusetts kennel has been opened, and the dogs have been ordered to the scent. All eyes are turned in this direction. Will Massachusetts submit?—Yes, she will. Every political party will submit in good time. The Whigs have put on the bass collar and wear it as meekly as the Democrats, and the Free-soil men are beginning loudly to cry Peace, Peace, and deprecate agitation. The Massachusetts Legislature has been all winter in session here in Boston, where Southern hyenas are prowling night and day, and where free citizens of the Commonwealth are seized as slaves, and where whole Churches almost of colored people have to disband and fly to Canada, to escape the fangs of their fellow Methodists and Baptists, and where men of all colors and callings are hunted and held for trial for the crime of Humanity; that Legislature has been all Winter in session, an eyewitness to such proceedings as these, and has not yet lifted a finger to protect us, and probably has no design of so doing. And yet there is Free-soil enough in the body to elect Charles Sumner in the Senate, and House of Representatives also, wanting only two votes. Such is the energy and zeal of the Free-soil party in Massachusetts, at a crisis so momentous and fearful as the present.

In Congress it has done scarcely any better. The Senate did literally nothing at all, and the House of Representatives helped them.—Giddings of your State spoke out as a man—himself. But the rest were dumb. If there were opportunities, they should have made opportunity. The whole session, as it seems to me, was one great opportunity. And if they could do nothing, they should at least have had the grace to have gone home and so reported to their constituents. The Free-soil Senators, every one, dishonored themselves and disgraced their cause. So did the Representatives, with the exception I have made. Perhaps they did the best they could. If so, let the party, for the sake of humanity and the freedom of the slave, temper back to non-existence.

“And to its speed, add wings.”

New Hampshire votes to-day for State and indeed for all its officers. The fate of John Atwood will be merited, whatever that fate may be. His first letter was worth more than the Governor’s chair—the next deserved more than political damnation.

Yours as ever,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

INDICTED.—The persons bound over by Commissioner Hallet for aiding in the rescue of Shadrach have been indicted in due form under the instructions of Peleg Sprague, the U. S. District Judge. To think that a son of the late venerable and venerated Seth Sprague, the devoted Abolitionist, should play the bloodhound!

THE PRESIDENT has sent a “Reward of Merit,” in the form of a letter from Daniel Webster, to the Mayor of Boston, thanking the city government for the “resolves” by which they saved the Union after the rescue of Shadrach.

MARYLAND MERCY.—It is said that the \$19,000 bail forfeited by Chaplin will be offered as a reward to procure his re-capture. Could any thing be more fiendish?

A Voice from the Jail.

CANFIELD JAIL, Mahoning Co., O., Sunday, March 23, 1851.

Charles Sumner has again failed of being chosen to the U. S. Senate.

One hundred and fifty persons pass over the Railroad from Cleveland to Ravenna daily.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is delighting the people of the smoky City by his lectures.

Goven’s visit and speech to the convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, are said to have been interesting.

The authorities of Boston have refused the use of Faneuil Hall, for a State Anti-Fugitive Slave Law Convention. All to stop agitation!

MARTIN F. TUPPER, author of “Proverbial Philosophy,” recently arrived in New York on a visit to this great country.

GEORGE THOMPSON, it is said, is about to visit Canada. How much longer he is to labor in the United States we do not know, but hope he will stay long enough to come to Ohio.

Ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, (Seward Whig) has at last been elected U. S. Senator by the N. Y. Legislature. The “Silver Grays” are very angry.

The Railroad from Pittsburgh as far West as the Junction at Alliance is expected to be completed some time in October next.

Dr. William Turner of New York has petitioned the Legislature of that State to make bleeding by physicians a penal offence.

Archbishop Hughes, of New York, now in Rome is said to have been raised by the Pope to the dignity of a Cardinal.

The movement of a section of the Whigs of Philadelphia, for a repeal of the Pennsylvania law against kidnapping, does not meet with any favor in the country, so far as we see.

The Greensboro (Ala.) Beacon says that in that section likely negro men command \$300 to \$1,000 in cash, and from \$1,000 to \$1,100 on twelve months’ time; women and boys in the same proportion.

We think there is little reason to doubt that the Atwood Free-soil will hold the balance of power in the N. H. Legislature. Hunkerism there is flat on its back—perhaps we should rather say it is back uppermost, crawling in the deck of the proudest war ship in the American navy would be the altar on which his liberty would be sacrificed, a burnt offering for ever.

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The Louisville *Varieties* indulges its taste for burlesque by hoisting the following Presidential banner: “For President, Jane G. Swisshelm; for Vice President, Horace Greeley.” That’s not a bad ticket, but before we promise to support it we must have a pledge from Jane that she won’t issue a Proclamation against Women’s Conventions after reaching the White House.

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A law has been carried through the Senate of Massachusetts, which provides that every voter shall seal up his ballot in an envelope, before depositing it. The State is to furnish the envelopes, which of course will be exactly alike. This will enable a poor man to vote as he pleases without rendering him liable to the surveillance of his employer or of some party hawk.

The Whig papers in Indiana, almost without exception, have placed at the head of their columns, the name of General Scott as a candidate for the Presidency. The Indiana State Journal says that so far as popular sentiment in that State is concerned, there never before was such unanimity in the selection of a candidate.

Well done, Lynn! Mayor Hood re-elected by a handsome majority, distinctly upon the ground that he was opposed out-and-to two public meetings held for the purpose of denouncing it. The Hunkers of both the old parties united to defeat him, but all to no purpose. The whole anti-kidnapping ticket for Aldermen also elected. Lynn, it will be remembered, is the city of lasts and leather, 10 miles East of Boston.

The Daughters of Temperance of the Rosebud Union of New Boston, Illinois, have removed the last grocery in that place. Says a local paper—“they marshaled their forces at noon—waited upon the dealer in hardware beverages—and demanded the price of his stock in trade—paid it down, and, with due solemnity, made a stink offering of it to the devil, by pouring it upon the sand.”

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

few poor souls, who take from their priests what ever they say, as the young bird takes the food from its parents with its mouth open and its eyes shut.

They may imprison and persecute us, but it will only hasten their downfall. Their *accused* system has received its death wound, and this is only a blind kick that it has given me in its dying agonies. It will soon be perfectly safe, but the monster dies hard.

Yours, to hate hypocrisy and tyranny,
HUGH HAMILTON.

From W. W. Walker.

From Western Pennsylvania.

RECEIPTS.

P. Allen, Marlboro,	1,50-369
K. G. Thomas, “	60-269
J. Adams, Log Cabin,	1,50-553
W. Edgar, Athens,	50-286
C. Peleg, Bissell,	1,50-340
L. Billings, Aurora,	1,50-340
H. A. Eggleston, Mantua,	75-315
B. Vaughan, Port Williams,	2,00-308
J. Merton, Plateau,	1,50-287
S. Humphrey, Wellington,	2,00-311
D. Miller, New Garden,	1,00-305
J. D. Allen, Columbiana,	12-287
I. Frantz, Salem,	1,00-300
A. Painter,	1,25-283
D. Hester, Mt. Union,	1,25-305
D. H. Hise, Salem,	1,70-188
Joseph Smith, “	1,25-329
T. Woodworth, Litchfield,	1,00-303
T. Hinkley, Hyannisport,	2,00-323
M. H. Cox, Hamerton,	2,00-323
F. L. Frantz, Salem,	44-287

SALEM INSTITUTE.

THIS Institution, located in SALEM, Columbiana County, Ohio, will continue its operations, under the care of the subscriber. The Building is commodious, with Study and Recitation Rooms. The services of Gentlemen well qualified to aid in teaching, have been secured. An arrangement has been made with Mr. J. W. Lusk, well known in various parts of this State, as an eminently successful Teacher of the Spencerian System of Penmanship, to give a Course of Lessons in that art during each term of the coming year. A series of Lectures on ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE, will be delivered during the next term, and probably during each term of the year,—by Dr. R. H. MACK of Cleveland, whose experience as a lecturer, fine French Manikin and Skeleton, and numerous Plates, cannot fail to render the subject interesting to all who may attend his Course. Other Scientific Lectures will be delivered during each term.

The Institution is furnished with Philosophical, Chemical and Astronomical Apparatus, Outline Maps, Historical Charts, Anatomical Plates, a Surveyor’s Compass, and a well selected CABINET OF MINERALS.

Students must be punctual in their attendance, unless prevented by sickness, or urgent duties. The Course of Instruction shall be thorough and practical.

Tuition per Quarter of Eleven Weeks.

To be paid either during or Promptly at the Close of the Term.

Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Geography, \$3,00

The Elements of Algebra, Geometry, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Anatomy, Physiology, &c.

The Latin and Greek Languages, the Higher Branches of Mathematics, with their application to Natural Philosophy and Astronomy,—Book-Keeping by Double Entry, &c.

Attending both Mr. Lusk’s Course in Penmanship, and Dr. Mack’s Lectures, Extra, 1,00

Photography and Phonotype will be taught without extra charge.

Literary exercises shall receive due attention.

Board, including Lights, Fuel and Study Room, can be had in respectable families in the village and vicinity, at \$1,12 1-2 to \$1,25 per week,—and Rooms obtained for those who wish to board themselves. Books and Stationery can be had in Salem.

Any other information in reference to the School Board, Rooms, &c., can be had by addressing the subscriber, or Barnaby & Whinery, Book-Sellers.

The next Term of 13 weeks, will commence March 31st, 1851. WM. MCCLAIN.

Western Farmers’ Insurance Company.

OF NEW LISBON, OHIO.

This Company was organized, and commenced issuing Policies the first of May, 1850.

And, although it has been in operation but about eight months, we are able to report as follows:

Whole number of Policies issued, 2,000

“ amount of property insured, \$1,616,100

“ amount of Premium Notes, 8,479

“ of Cash Premiums, 5,891

“ of losses, 760

Balance of Cash Premiums above losses, 5,131

From the above it will be seen that we already number more members than most of the Mutual Insurance Companies that have been in operation for the last ten years, and have more Cash on hand than any other Company in the State on so small an amount of risk. The astonishing success with which this Company has met is good evidence that it is one of the best institutions in the country; and it is believed that it stands unrivaled for liberality and fair dealing.

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Salem, Feb. 22, 1851.

DAVID WOODRUFF,

THE BUGLE.

For The Bugle.
Parables for the Day.

THE PRIESTS AND DISCIPLES OF VOLTAIRE IN CONVENTION.

In a great city near the Eastern Sea, the Priests of the National Religion met in Convention with the disciples of one Voltaire to form a bond of Union. For they had long felt that they were one at heart. And as soon as the Convention was opened, the Priests hastened to bring forward the following dogma as a ground of union: God will damn all but the elect. But to this the disciples of Voltaire objected, and would amend the proposition as follows: God cares not at all for man, and will let him die like the beasts. But the Priests preferred their original resolution, and urged it with many words. And now after a long and angry debate, the Convention was like to disperse in a passion. But there arose a centurion who was called Rynders, and calmed the tumult with sweet and soothing speech. Why should we quarrel, said he, when we are one at heart? Let us unite in the passage of the following sentiment: That religious and municipal corporations are immortal, and are the objects truly dear to God, and man is made for them; and the highest law for man in the universe, is a municipal statute passed by the elect. And, at once, the whole assembly arose with a shout, and said, our beloved brother, the centurion, hath spoken the words of wisdom. The holiest thing for man is a statute of the elect. And the Convention dispersed with many words of rejoicing and congratulation; and that day the centurion dined in the palace of the high priest; and his face glowed with red wine, and his stomach was distended with delicious meats.

THE SIMPLE MAN AND THE MINISTER.

A man of a simple mind, who loved God and Man, sat on a Sunday-morn on the great stone steps of a Church, where the shadow of the columns of the porch fell. And it chanced when the congregation broke up at the close of the first service, that the minister passed out near where the simple man was sitting, and seeing him resting his head on his hands, as they do who think, the minister inquired the subject of his thoughts. I am considering, said the man, whether the Roman Church is the mother of Harlots. That, indeed, is she, said the minister, and she fills the earth with her abominations. Come out of her, my people, and be not partaker of her sins! And the man looked up, and with great simplicity asked: If the Roman Church is the mother of Harlots, what are the Protestant sects? And the minister said, I fear you ask questions improper to be answered. And turning on his heel he walked away; but the bystanders noticed that his lips twitched, and that then there was a queer smile on his face, for the minister was more of a man than a priest. And after he was out of hearing of the crowd, he said to himself, 'The man has spoken truth, but it should not be spoken aloud.' For though a fair man, the minister had not yet confidence in the free expression of truth.

THE THREE DOGS—A FABLE.

One fair morning in Summer, two dogs met under an Oak tree. One of them was named Bruin, a tall black dog with long nose and tail, and he wore a brass collar on his neck. The other was a kind of brown dog with a pig nose and short stiff tail, and his name was Tiger. And after paying the compliments of the morning, they fell to talking on politics. And Bruin lamented the sad aspect of affairs in the country, and the disorganizing spirit abroad in society. And he said, I have a great deal of landed property and considerable bank-stock, but these wild notions spreading among the common people, of land-monopoly, and socialism, and anti-slavery, are putting every thing at hazard. I cast my influence with the great conservative Whig party. Upon this, Tiger got up and ran around the tree several times, and finally sat down opposite Bruin; and said he, I have always boasted of my position in the great progressive Democratic party. And you know we have had many a quarrel about Tariff and vested rights. But now I agree with you, that we must put a stop to these disorganizing tendencies. The people are not to be trusted, and henceforth I am as one with you. And saying this he shook his tail fiercely, and pawed the ground with his hinder feet, scattering the gravel in all directions. And Bruin looked upon him with a smiling countenance, and told him he might smell of his brass collar. Now as they were rejoicing and congratulating each other, there came along a dog of a yellowish white color. And his tail and ears were cut off close, and his name was Milky. And Tiger ran up to him and asked him his politics and principles. And Milky hung down his head and said, my principles are somewhat like my ears and tail, not very prominent, as you perceive. Do you wish to insult me, said Tiger? If my tail is short, it grew so, but yours was cut off. And thereupon he sprang upon Milky and hit him so severely that he yelped, and ran away at full speed. But Bruin was very much amused to see the quarrel, and when Tiger came back from the chase, he told him that he need not be concerned at the shortness of his tail, for that he had enough for both of

them. I know that, said Tiger, but how I am to fit it to my own haunches is more than I can tell. O, said Bruin, I'll see to that; and therewith they parted in great friendship. But as Bruin went away, he carried his tail very high, partly to encourage Tiger, and partly through pride. And as long as they were in sight of each other, Tiger looked back at the up-raised tail of Bruin; and he was glad in the thought that some day he might have Bruin's tail *altogether to himself*.

They All Belong to Me.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There are riches without measure
Scattered thickly o'er the land,
There are heaps and heaps of treasure,
Bright, beautiful, and grand;
There are forests, there are mountains,
There are meadows, there are rolls,
Forming everlasting fountains
In the bosoms of the hills;
There are birds and there are flowers,
The fairest things that be;
And these great and joyous dowers,
O, "they all belong to me!"

There are golden acres bending
In the light of harvest rays,
There are garland branches blending
With the breath of June's sweet days;
There are pastures grasses blowing
In the dewy moonland shade,
There are herds of cattle lowing
In the midst of bloom and blade;
There are noble elms that quiver
As the gale comes full and free,
There are alders by the river,—
And "they all belong to me."

I care not who may reckon
The wheat piled up in sacks,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe;
I care not who holds leases
Of the upland or the dell,
Nor who may count the fleeces
When the flocks are fit to sell,
While there's beauty none can barter
By the greenward and the tree,
Claim who will by seal and charter,
Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and dangled cover
Where the haw and phæasant play,
There are sheets of rosy clover,
There are hedges crested with May;
There are vines all dark and gushing,
There are orchards ripe and red,
There are herds of wild deer crushing
The heath bells as they tread,
And ye who count in money
The value these may be,—
Your hives but hold my honey,
For "they all belong to me."

Ye cannot shut the tree in,
Ye cannot hide the hills,
Ye cannot wall the sea in,
Ye cannot choke the tills;
The corn will only nestle
In the broad arms of the sky,
The clover crop must wrestle
With the common wind, or die,
And while these stores of treasure
Are spread where I may see,
By God's high, bounteous pleasure,
"They all belong to me."

What care I for the profit
The stricken stem may yield?
I have the shadow of it,
While upright in the field;
What rock I of the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast,
While I bask in shady niches
And see the brook go past?
What rock I who has title,
To the widest lands that be?
They are mine without requital,
God gave them all to me.

O privilege and blessing,
To find I ever own,
What great ones, in possessing,
Imagine theirs alone?
O glory to the Maker
Who gave such boon to hold,
Who made me free partner
Where others buy with gold!
For while the woods and mountains,
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the fountains,—
"They all belong to me."

A Well-drawn Likeness.

We give below an extract from a discourse on WORLDLY AMBITION, from a volume of sermons by arch-deacon Manning, published in London in the year 1818. Our readers can apply it to *whomsoever it may concern*.

"How few men, with the bairns of power, elevation, applause, before them, can resist the allurement of indirect means, such as compromises, abandonment of pledges or obligations, and the like! It is a melancholy and most instructive fact, that there is hardly one of the world's great men in whose private history there is not to be found some stifling of conscience, some departure from rectitude, stern fidelity, and determined abiding by truth and right, in the teeth of danger, or at the cost of failure in their ruling passion. In the earnestness with which they seek their aim, they grow precipitate, impulsive, reckless, obdurate; and that in proportion as the end nears, and the strife thickens, and success or failure are in the crisis. One last step, the last act which secures the desires of a life, often one that henceforth makes life not worth the living. They have succeeded; the point is won. But at what a cost? At the price of their heart's faith in the power of truth and right. They have in some way struck a bargain, or chaffered with a lie, and put their trust for success in a falsehood, which if it be anything, is an unclean spirit. They have withdrawn their faith from the supremacy of righteousness, because these appeared to be despised, disdained, and exiled, because the world seemed too strong for them, and because the dictates of faith and truth pointed to paths that seemed to lead away from the desired end. And yet, if wrong and falsehood can at all bring success, by whose strength do they prevail? Who is he that works by them in the world, but the same that said, 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me?'

It is said that a balloon has been constructed at Paris which obeys the helm, and can be driven even against the wind by its conductor. This machine has made several voyages round the Hippodrome, and has been made to turn in every direction; but its progress in the air has not yet been tested, and the utmost secrecy is observed as to the means employed.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

The Hungarian Spirit.

GRACE GREENWOOD, 'THE HUNGARIAN HEROINE,' AND SAYRES AND DRAYTON.—

The cause of Liberty is the same throughout the world—the sentiment is the same wherever the impulse of freedom exists, whether it struggles in the breast of the brave Hungarian, or the long suffering American slave. The following passage, from Grace Greenwood's last letter to the National Era, illustrating this point, will be read with interest:

On Thursday afternoon, I had a charming gallop with some pleasant friends. Apollo-Jagielo was of the party, and half wild with childlike gaiety. She rides with much freedom, fearlessness, and grace, and with her very picturesque dress, looks finely indeed on horseback.

Yesterday we visited the Prison and the Infirmary, both of which deserve a better notice than I can give them here. At the former place, we were most interested by Captains Sayres and Drayton, of the 'Pearl.'

We found them as comfortable and cheerful as we had expected. Drayton says that he suffers most from the vile companionship which he is called to endure.

The jailor, who is a very gentlemanly person, spoke in high terms of these two prisoners. As I looked into the melancholy faces of these men, suffering so deeply, hopelessly through long years, for the crime of helping their oppressed and degraded brothers to freedom they themselves inherited and loved, sharp was the pain at my heart, bitter and I fear impatient the cry of my soul—How long, O Lord, how long? I was glad to hear that Mr. Drayton, who impressed me as a very sincere, earnest man, was shortly to be removed to more comfortable quarters. I hope that he may be allowed a room to himself, for with all his submission and faith, he can scarcely be otherwise than wretched where he now is.

It was beautiful to witness Jagielo's sympathy with these unfortunate men. She, simple girl, could see no difference between helping American slaves to obtain their freedom, and inciting Hungarian peasants to revolt against Austrian tyranny—or rescuing Polish exiles, condemned to Siberia. Ah, when will she learn the grand American creed, that God is a partial Father, who made of one blood all the nations of the earth—except Ethiopians, whom He created in order to imbosom Himself of a great curse, and to wreak an eternal hate? When will she learn our fundamental Republican principle, that 'all men are created free and equal—*except niggers*.' But I fear her truthful, childlike mind will never come up to such heights of wisdom.

"Could no one convince you that slavery is right?" said Mr. B.—"to her the other day.

"Not the Lord himself?" she answered, in a deep, firm voice, and with one of her clear, brilliant glances.

THE HORRORS OF A FREE EDUCATION.—It is astonishing how some men hold out against the certain advance of the age in every kind of improvement. The *Hamilton* (C. W.) *Spectator* has met with the rarest specimens of this class of obstinate holdfasts that we have yet heard of. He claims to be a "Westminster farmer," is mortally—*we fear*—grieved with that indefatigable promoter of Free Education in the Canadas, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, and thus depicts the horrible results of Free Education upon the children of a poor man:

"Educating their chilid is a redly way to increase drunkenness and idleness they will turn about and say o we are master of you we make you pay for our chilid and we can Crow-sabotin," a proceeding which, he says, is "Robbing Peter to pay Paul in Justice and is Built upon a sandy foundation it Cannot stand and if it be permitted to go on and it comes to fail great will be the fail of it." He concludes a somewhat long communication by requesting the Editor "to insert it in a Conspicuous place in his wide se Quilated paper."

MYSTERIOUS TAPPINGS.—A barrel of brandy, on storage at the railroad depot in South Deerfield, Mass., was suddenly disposed of last week. The depots being on posts, some belief in mysterious spiritual tapings went under it, bored up through the floor, and tapped the barrel as it laid in the depot. Jutting up what he wished to make use of, he left the remainder to the laws of gravity and gravel.

SONG.

True to thy fond misgivings,
These irrefutable tears give o'er—
No absence can divide us, love,
No parting part us more!
Mountains and seas may rise between
To mock our baffled wills;
But heart in heart, and soul in soul,
We bide together still.

Where'er I go, or far or near,
I cannot be alone;

Thy voice is ever in mine car,

Thy hand pressed in my own;

Thy head upon my pillow rests,

Thy words my bosom thrill,

And heart in heart, and soul in soul,

We bide together still.

And when stern Death shall work his worst,

And all our joys are done,

Even by the mystery that unites

The dial and the sun;

Though one exist in heavenly bliss,

One in world of ill,

Yet heart in heart, and soul in soul,

We bide together still.

From *Abednego*, the Money-Lender.

SOCIETY IN CALIFORNIA.—Here is an extract of a private letter from San Francisco, published in the New York Tribune. The article, in regard to society in San Francisco, was really a scorcher. The force of language was only exceeded by the truthfulness of the picture. There are some two or three thousand gamblers here and nearly as many more Sydney thieves. There are a few virtuous females here. If a man brings a young wife with him, the chances are that some of the gamblers will seduce her away—for many of them possess good address, are insinuating in their manners, and are much skilled in diplomacy of this kind. A bad state of things. You will notice by the papers that shooting among our blacklegs and rowdies is becoming quite fashionable pastime—two or three having been killed lately. Well, while it may afford some amusement, the community at large suffer

nothing from the loss.

It is said that a balloon has been constructed at Paris which obeys the helm, and can be driven even against the wind by its conductor. This machine has made several voyages round the Hippodrome, and has been made to turn in every direction; but its progress in the air has not yet been tested, and the utmost secrecy is observed as to the means employed.

Absence.

BY MRS. FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing—shall I flee away,
Into past days, with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time;
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Or? how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near;

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art there?

Till tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenly flights, all high and holy strains,
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to outstrip
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing halow ed be,
And thy dear thought and influence divine.

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